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Miscellaneous.

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

[The following eloquent passages are extracted from the Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Yale College, August 20th, 1833, by Hon. Edward Everett.]

By the law of our nature, the generations of men, are most closely interlaced with each other, and the decline of one and the accession of the other are gradual. One survives and the other anticipates its activity. Thus while, in the decline of life, we are permitted to reap on the one hand, while we live, a rich reward for all that we have attempted patriotically and honestly, in public or private, for the good of our fellow men; on the other hand, retribution rarely fails to overtake us, as individuals or communities, for the neglect of public duties, or the violation of the social trust.

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

By this law of our nature, the places which we fill in the world are to be taken from us; we are to be dispossessed of our share in the honors and emoluments of life; driven from our resorts of business and pleasure; ousted from our tenements; ejected from our estates; banished from the soil we call our own, and interdicted fire and water in our native land; and those, who ward off this destiny the longest, after holding on a little while with a convulsive grasp, making a few more efforts, exposing their thin grey hairs in another campaign or two, will gladly, of their own accord, before a great while, claim to be exempt from the service.

But this revolution connects itself with the constitution of our nature, and suggests the great principles of education, as the duty and calling of man; and why? Because it is not the work of violent hands; because it is the law of our being. It is not an outraged populace, rising in their wrath and fury, to throw off the burden of centuries of oppression. Nor is it an inundation of strange barbarians, issuing, nation after nation, from some remote and inexhaustible *officina gentium*, lashed forward to the work of destruction, by the chosen scourges of God; although these are the means by which, when corruption has attained a height, beyond the reach of ordinary influences, a preparation for a great and radical revolution is made. But the revolution of which I speak, and which furnishes the principles of the great duty of education,—all comprehensive and unsparring as it is,—is to be effected, by a gentle race of beings, just stepping over the threshold of childhood; many of them hardly crept into existence. They are to be found within the limits of our own community, beneath our own roofs, clinging about our necks. Father, he whom you folded in your arms and carried in your bosom, whom, with unutterable anxiety, you watched through the perilous years of childhood, whom you have brought down to College, this very Commencement, and are dismissing from beneath your paternal guard, with tearful eyes and an aching heart, it is he, who is destined (if your ardent prayers are heard) to out-thunder you at the Forum and in the Senate House. Fond mother, the future rival of your not yet fading charms, the *mater pulchra filia prior*, is the rose bud, which is beginning to open and blush by your side. Destined to supersede us in all we hold dear, they are the objects of our tenderest cares. Soon to outnumber us, we spare no pains to protect and rear them; and the strongest instinct of our hearts urges us, by every device and appliance, to bring forward those who are to fill our places, possess our fortune, wear our honors, snatch the laurel from our heads, the words from our lips, the truncheon of command from our hands, and at last gently crowd us, worn out and useless, from the scene.

I have dwelt on this connection of nature and affection between the generations of men, because it is the foundation of the high philosophy of education. It places the duty of imparting it upon the broad, eternal basis of natural love.—It is manifest, that, in the provident constitutions of an intellectual order of beings, the trust of preparing each generation of which it was to consist, for the performance of its part on the great stage of life, was all-important, all-essential: too vitally so, to be put in charge, with any but the most intimate principles of our being. It has accordingly been interwoven with the strongest and purest passions of the heart. Maternal fondness; a father's thoughtful care; the unreasoning instincts of the family circle; the partialities, the prejudices of blood are all made to operate as efficient principles, by which the risen generation is urged to take care of its successor: and when the subject is pursued

to its last analysis, we find that education in its most comprehensive form, the general training and preparation of our successors, is the great errand, which we have to execute in the world. We either assume it as our primary business, or depute it to others, because we think they will better perform it, while we are engaged in occupations subsidiary to this. Much of the practical and professional part we direct ourselves. We come back to it as a relaxation or a solace. We labor to provide the means of supplying it to those we love. We retrench in our pleasures, that we may abound in this duty. It animates our toils, dignifies our selfishness, makes our parsimony generous, furnishes the theme for the efforts of the greatest minds; and directly or indirectly fills up our lives.

In a word then, we have before us, as the work to be done by this generation, to train up that which is to succeed us.

This is a work of boundless compass, difficulty, and interest. Considered as brethren of the human family, it looks, of course, to the education of all mankind. If we confine ourselves to our duty, as American citizens, the task is momentous, almost beyond the power of description. Though the view, which I would, at this time, take of the subject, does not confine itself to the fortunes of a single nation, I will dwell upon it, for a moment, exclusively in relation to this country. I will suppose, that our union is to remain unbroken, for another generation; a supposition, which I trust I may safely make; and if this should be the case, it is no violent presumption to suppose, that, in all respects, the country will continue to advance, with a rapidity, equal to that, which has marked its progress, for the last thirty years. On this supposition, the close of another generation, will see our population swelled to above thirty millions; all our public establishments increased, in the same ratio; four or five new states added to the union; towns and villages scattered over regions, now lying in the unbroken solitude of nature; roads cut across pathless mountains; rivers, now unexplored, alive with steamboats; and all those parts of the country, which, at this time, are partially settled, crowded with a much denser population, with all its attendant structures, establishments, and institutions. In other words, besides replacing the present numbers, a new nation, more than fifteen millions strong, will exist within the United States.—The wealth of the country will increase still more rapidly; and all the springs of social life which capital moves, will, of course, increase in power; and a much more intense condition of existence will be the result.

It is for this state of things, that the present generation is to educate and train its successors; and on the care and skill, with which their education is conducted; on the liberality, magnanimity, and single-heartedness, with which we go about this great work,—each in his proper sphere and according to his opportunities and vocation,—will, of course, depend the honor and success, with which those who come after us, will perform their parts, on the great stage of life.

I do not mean that every individual is created, with a physical and intellectual constitution capable of attaining, with the same opportunities, the same degree of improvement.—I cannot assert that, nor would I willingly undertake to disprove it. I leave it aside; and suppose, that, on an average, men are born with equal capacities. What then do we behold, as regards the difference resulting from education and training? Let us take examples, in the two extremes. On the one hand, we have the New Zealand savage, but little better, in appearance, than the orang outang, his fellow tenant of the woods, which afford much the same shelter to both; almost destitute of arts, except that of horribly disfiguring the features, by the painful and disgusting process of tattooing, and that of preparing a rude war club, with which he destroys his fellow savage of the neighboring tribe; his natural enemy while he lives; his food, if he can conquer or kidnap him; laying up no store of provision, but one, which I scarce dare describe,—which consists in plunging a stick into the water, where it is soon eaten to honey-comb by the worms, which abound in tropical climates, and which, then taken out, furnishes in these worms, a supply of their most favorite food, for these forlorn children of nature.—Such is this creature, from youth to age, from father to son,—a savage, a cannibal, a brute;—a human being, a fellow-man, a rational and immortal soul; carrying about, under that squalid, loathsome exterior,—hidden under those brutal manners, and vices, disgusting at once and abominable, a portion of the intellectual principle, which likens man to his Maker.—This is one specimen of humanity; how shall we bring another into immediate contrast with it? How better, than by contemplating what may be witnessed on board the

vessel, which carries the enlightened European or American to these dark and dreary corners of the earth? You there behold a majestic vessel, bounding over the billows, from the other side of the globe; easily fashioned to float, in safety, over the bottomless sea; to spread her broad wings, and catch the midnight breeze; guided by a single, drowsy sailor at the helm, with two or three companions reclining listlessly on the deck, gazing into the depths of the starry heavens. The commander of this vessel, not surpassing thousands of his brethren in intelligence and skill, knows how, by pointing his glass at the heavens, and taking an observation of the stars, and turning over the leaves of his "Practical Navigator," and making a few figures on his slate, to tell the spot which his vessel has reached on the trackless sea;—and he can also tell it, by means of a steel spring and a few wheels, put together in the shape of a chronometer.—The glass with which he brings the heavens down to the earth, and by which he measures the twenty one thousand six hundredth part of their circuit, is made of a quantity of flint, sand, and alkali,—coarse opaque substances, which he has melted together into the beautiful medium, which excludes the air and the rain, and admits the light,—by which he can count the orders of animated nature in a dew-drop, and measure the depth of the valleys in the moon. He has, running up and down his mainmast, an iron chain, fabricated at home, by a wonderful succession of mechanical contrivances, out of a rock brought from deep caverns in the earth; and which has the power of conducting the lightning, harmlessly down the sides of the vessel, into the deep. He does not creep timidly along from headland to headland, nor guide his course across a narrow sea, by the North star; but he launches bravely on the pathless and bottomless deep, and carries about him, in a box, a faithful little pilot, who watches when the eye of man droops with fatigue; a small and patient steersman, whom darkness does not blind, nor the storm drive from his post; and who points from the other side of the globe,—through the convex earth,—to the steady Pole. If he falls in with a pirate, he does not wait to repel him, hand to hand; but he pots into a mighty engine, a handful of dark powder; into which, he has condensed an immense quantity of elastic air, and which, when touched by a spark of fire, will instantly expand into its original volume, and drive an artificial thunderbolt before it, against the distant enemy. When he meets another similar vessel on the sea, homeward-bound from a like excursion to his own, he makes a few black marks, on a piece of paper, and sends it home, a distance of ten thousand miles; and thereby speaks to his employer, to his family, and to his friends, as distinctly and significantly, as if they were seated by his side. At the cost of half the labor, with which the savage procures himself the skin of a wild beast, to cover his nakedness, this child of civilized life has provided himself with the most substantial, curious, and convenient clothing,—textures and tissues of wool, cotton, linen, and silk,—the contributions of the four quarters of the globe, and of every kingdom of nature.—To fill a vacant hour, or dispel a gathering cloud from his spirits, he has curious instruments of music, which speak another language, of new and strange significance to his heart;—which make his veins thrill and his eyes overflow with tears, without the utterance of a word,—and with one sweet succession of harmonious sounds, sends his heart back, over the waste of waters, to the distant home, where his wife and his children are gathered around the fireside, trembling at the thought, that the storm, which beats upon the windows, may perhaps overtake their beloved voyager on the distant seas. And in his cabin, he has a library of volumes,—the strange production of a machine of almost magical powers,—which, as he turns over the leaves, enable him to converse with the great and good of every clime and age; and which, even repaid to him, in audible notes, the Laws of his God and the promises of his Saviour, and point out to him that happy land, which he hopes to reach, when his flag is struck and his sails are furled, and the voyage of his life is over.

The imaginations of those whom I have the honor to address, will be able to heighten this contrast, by a hundred traits on either side, for which I have not time; but even as I have presented it, will it be deemed extravagant, if I say, that there is a greater difference between the educated child of civilized life, and the New-Zealand savage, than between the New-Zealand savage and the orang outang?—And yet the New-Zealander was born a rational being, like the civilized European and American; and the civilized European and American entered life, like the New-Zealander, a helpless, wailing babe.

This then is the difference made by Education;—made by Education. I do not mean that if a school were set up in New-Zealand, you could convert the rising generation of savage children, in eight or ten years, into a civilized, well-

educated, orderly society. I will not undertake to say, what could be done with an individual of that race, taken at birth and brought to a Christian country, and there reared, under the most favorable circumstances; nor do I know, into what sort of a being, one of our children would grow up,—supposing it could survive the experiment,—were it taken from the nurse's arms, and put in charge to a tribe of New-Zealanders. But it is, upon the whole, Education, in the most comprehensive sense, which makes the vast difference, which I have endeavored to illustrate; and which actually, in the case of a civilized person, transforms his intellect from what it was at birth, into what it becomes in the mature, educated, consummate man.

THE GREAT MASTODON;

IMPROPERLY CALLED "MAMMOTH," FOUND IN THE VICINITY OF NASHVILLE—COMMUNICATED FOR THE NASHVILLE REPUBLICAN, BY G. THROST, PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY, ETC., IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE.

Many conjectures have been formed respecting the first inhabitants of our country, and several hypotheses have been advanced to determine their origin. Whether they came from Asia or Africa—whether they were the same race as our present Indians, or whether they belonged to more enlightened races of men. Although these investigations extend, comparatively speaking, over but a short space of time, we are, nevertheless, quite in the dark, and can only form some probable conjectures concerning them.

We can, however, speak with more certainty of beings which inhabited this country during a more remote period of time—beings which are not only anterior to historical record, but perhaps, anterior to the existence of man. I allude to some large animals, the remains of which, we find at present in several parts of the United States; and, although several species have been found; only one, the largest of them, the gigantic Mastodon, seems to have been peculiar to this country.

I learned accidentally, a few weeks since, that some large bones had been found near Liberty meeting house, in Williamson county, on the farm of Mr Thomas Holt. I went immediately to the place, but I was already too late to prevent the mutilation and destruction of these relics. I engaged some men to dig for the remaining portions, and found the under jaw bone, and several fragments of other bones. Mr Holt had the kindness to offer me the whole collection, which is composed of fragments of ribs, the atlas and several other vertebrae, a scapula, the heads of the humerus, ulna, femur and tibia, with fragments of the bones—the radius, and several bones of the tarsus and carpus, with the metatarsal and metacarpal bones, most of the latter entire, as well as some phalanges. On the under jaw bone, the coronoid apophyses are wanting; it has one of its teeth, while of the other, the crown is broken off, and the roots alone remain. I obtained only a small fragment of a tusk, the whole being crumbled to pieces. The parts of the skeleton which are in my possession, are pretty sound, and partly penetrated with hydrate of iron, which makes them very heavy. There seems to be no doubt that the whole animal was there, before it underwent this decomposition; as the bones were found in a space not larger than about twenty feet square; nevertheless, they lay without any order, and it is probable that they lay a long while on the surface before they were buried; which must account for the disappearance of some large bones, as part of the head and pelvis.

The animal to which these bones belonged, must have been very old; not only the external enamel of the transverse eminences of the maxillary teeth has entirely disappeared, but the whole of these eminences were worn down, so that the crown is nearly flat, and shows only four large, irregular, transverse lozenges; formed by the bases of the before-mentioned eminences.

These bones were found about half a mile from Liberty meeting house, North-East corner of Williamson county, and eleven miles South-East of Nashville. They were embedded in a rich, black mould, resting on a stiff, ferruginous loam. I found in the black part, some pieces of ferruginous sand-stone, or rather, grains of sand agglomerated by hydrate of iron. It is a small run or rivulet which carries off the water in the vicinity towards Mill Creek, and is mostly dry. The surrounding country is generally more or less rolling with small hills. The place where the bones were found, lies between two elevations. They were not quite three feet under the surface: in fact, the head of the femur long since projected above ground, and was used in rainy seasons when the run contained water, for a step to cross it, there being a road there also for carts and wagons which must have fractured many of the bones.

A few years ago, another skeleton, or part of one, was found not far from the place mentioned above, on the premises of Dr. Webb, near the Harpeth river. It lay about six feet under ground, on limestone. It was discovered by digging for the sinking of a tan vat, and lay in a stiff, sandy clay or loam, in a place somewhat lower than the above mentioned skeleton. The bones were destroyed by the laborers, except a few fragments which are now in my possession, and for which I am indebted to the kindness of Dr. Webb. They are the extreme point of a tusk, the crown of a tooth, and a

small tooth, with some fragments of bones. Judging from this crown, they belonged to a young adult animal; the enamel is not injured; the transverse eminences are perfect, only the enamel of the small tooth is partly worn off. The bones are much altered, and some crumbled to dust as soon as they were exposed to the action of the air; the tusk is very much of a chalky nature.

I have in my cabinet, another small tooth which was found near Dandridge, Jefferson City, East Tennessee. I am told that a bone of a mastodon was found in digging for brick clay in the brick-yard of Mr Amet of our city.

Remains of the Elephant found in Tennessee.—Besides the remains of the mastodon, we find also those of an extinct species of elephant—called by Blumembach, *elephas primigenus*. It is the real mammoth; at least if our fossil elephant be analogous to the one found in Siberia. If it be the same, it must have had a different appearance to the one of the present day; as the one which was found in Siberia under ice, had a thick coat of wool and hair.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Littlefield, one of the members of our Senate, for a molar tooth of this animal. I cannot say any thing of the situation in which it was deposited. It was discovered after a freshet on the banks of Green's lick creek—a little creek running across the plantation of Mr Littlefield, and falling into Dick River, a few miles below Columbia, Maury county. The tooth is much altered; its enamel is brittle, and has lost much of its original constituents—it being now soluble in nitric acid, under a constant and brisk effervescence.

ON THE METALS KNOWN TO THE ABORIGINES OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY JACOB GREEN, M. D., PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The following particulars, respecting certain metallic substances discovered in the ancient graves of our aborigines, have been collected together, with a hope that they may throw an additional ray of light on the dark history of that mysterious people which once inhabited along the banks of the Northern and Western rivers.

Those who wandered from place to place, and lived by fishing and hunting, might readily substitute for metals, sharpened flints and shells, thorns, and the bones of fish and other animals. Whether the people who constructed the fortifications and mounds of the West, had already passed, in the usual order of civilization, from the hunting to the pastoral state of society, or were just abandoning the pursuits of the chase for the employments of agriculture, are points foreign to this communication; its object, as just stated, being merely to show that they were acquainted with some rude process of metallurgy.

According to all antiquity, sacred and profane, gold, silver, and copper, were the first metals used by man. These facts are exactly what our present mineralogy would lead us to expect—for we even now find those metals so pure in nature, that there is no necessity of resorting to melting and refining furnaces in order to render them malleable. We know nothing with certainty of the methods resorted to by the ancient metallurgists; but we have always supposed that the metals used in the first ages of the world, were immediately derived from the native substances, accidentally discovered near the surface of the ground; and not by extraction from the ores.

There are several instances mentioned in which small ornaments of gold have been found in our ancient tombs. The following fact will be sufficient for our purpose. Dr Hildreth, in the *Archæologia Americana*, informs us that in a mound in Ross county, near Chillicothe, a piece of gold was discovered, lying in the palm of a skeleton's hand.

The quantity of native gold now obtained from several districts of the United States, renders it highly probable that this metal was not uncommon among the aborigines. Plates of native gold, beaten out into thin foil, are frequently attached to the mummies in the tombs of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. These plates are a native alloy of gold and silver, the silver being in such excess as to obscure the lustre of the gold altogether. On analysing one of these plates, now in the Philadelphia Museum, I found it about fifteen carats fine—no copper could be detected in the alloy. This is the kind of gold, I suppose, known to the ancient North Americans.

The next metal to be noticed is silver. Near the mouth of the Muskingum, there are a number of old fortifications. Among the many curious articles found on digging in that place, there were several pieces of silver. The silver had been hammered out into thin plates, one of which was six inches long and two inches broad. It weighed one ounce. I might notice several other instances in which silver has been discovered in our tumuli. In all these cases, the metal was, no doubt, in its native state. Large masses of silver are now met with in Mexico, and smaller portions very frequently occur in some of the Northern states.

Our third substance is copper. It is known to almost every one, that no metal was more common in ancient times than copper. It often occurs in loose, insulated masses. Not far from Lake Superior, there is a large mass of this kind,

weighing more than two thousand pounds, from which I have seen some rude utensils and ornaments fabricated by our present race of Indians. Near Somerville, in New Jersey, a lump of native copper, about one hundred pounds weight, was ploughed up a few years since, and I have some specimens obtained from this rich locality, weighing nearly two pounds. From these and other instances which could be specified, it might be expected that copper would often occur in our ancient mounds. Two or three examples, however, will be sufficient.

Dr Drake, in his *Picture of Cincinnati*, while noticing the articles dug from the ancient works in the country, enumerates among them "a handful of copper beads, a small oval piece of sheet copper with two perforations, a large piece of the same metal, with longitudinal grooves and ridges. Several copper articles, each consisting of two sets of circular concavo-convex plates." Dr Hildreth, of Marietta, has given us an account of some curious ornaments of copper, taken from the ancient works near that place.—The skeleton with which the copper was found, had entirely mouldered away, except a portion of the forehead and skull, which were in contact with the copper. "These bones were deeply tinged with green, and appear to have been preserved by the salts of copper." In the Philadelphia Museum, I have examined a rod of copper, dug out of a mound on the St John's river, by Mr Peale and others; it is about twelve inches in length, is pointed at the ends, and seems much harder than pure copper. When copper supplied the place of iron, the Egyptians had a process of rendering it exceedingly hard. It is also well known, that the Peruvians and Mexicans tempered their axes and instruments of war, which were all of this metal, so as to make them a good substitute for iron; and from the appearance of the copper rod found by Mr Peale, I have no doubt, that our aborigines were acquainted with the same art. That they possessed considerable skill in moulding and working copper, is evident, not only from their beads and pipes, some of which are said to have been soldered, but ornaments of this metal have been found overlaid or plated with silver. These operations certainly imply very considerable advancement in the art of metallurgy. See *Atwater's Antiquities*, &c. p. 158.

Besides gold, silver and copper, our Aborigines were also acquainted, in some degree, with iron and lead. Every one knows that the art of working iron is more difficult, and of a later date, than that of the other metals just mentioned.—It was, however, of very remote antiquity, though it was confined to particular places. Even as late as the Trojan war, so high a value was set upon it, that a ball of iron was one of the prizes offered by Achilles at the funeral ceremonies in honor of Patroclus. Native iron is not very uncommon, and is usually more malleable and tenacious than the forged metal. The iron mentioned by most ancient writers, and that found in our ancient graves, was no doubt the native mineral. In the cabinet of the New York Lyceum, I lately examined a large mass of native iron from Red River, in Louisiana. Its weight exceeds three thousand pounds; it can be easily cut, and is very malleable. At a red heat, fragments of it might readily be beaten into knives and spear-heads.

The occurrence of iron in our mounds, manufactured into various utensils, cannot be doubted. Dr Hildreth states "that a piece of iron ore, which has the appearance of being partially melted, or vitrified, was found in the ancient works on the Muskingum; and that this ore was about the specific gravity of pure iron." It must therefore be native iron. Mr Atwater, in the *Archæologia Americana*, mentions several instances in which fragments of iron blades have been found almost wholly converted into oxide. Those ferruginous balls sometimes discovered in the mounds, have been strangely supposed by many to have been cannon balls of iron, but they are merely globular masses of pyrites, or the deuto-sulphuret. They often occur in the alluvial earth, in the Western states. I have seen these balls more than a foot in diameter, and so perfectly spherical as to appear very much like the work of art.

The last metal to be noticed is lead. The lead ores of Missouri are so exceedingly rich and abundant, that the vast commercial demands for this metal, might there be supplied for some thousands of years. Though native lead is of very rare occurrence, and is perhaps only found in volcanic regions; there is no ore more readily reduced; indeed, this operation is now constantly performed by the Indians to obtain balls for their rifles, and for the purpose of ornamenting their tomahawks and pipes. The occurrence of lead, however, in the ruins of our tumuli, is not very common. Dr Drake, in describing the articles taken from a mound in the city of Cincinnati, mentions "a mass of lead ore," and further remarks, that "lumps of lead ore, or galena, have been found in other tumuli." A similar statement is made by Col. Sargent, in the *American Philosophical Transactions*, vol. iv. p. 205.

From the above particulars, it follows, that although we cannot boast much of the skill of our aborigines, in the refinements of metallurgy, still they were undoubtedly familiar with some of the uses of gold, silver, copper, iron and lead; and possessed vastly more knowledge on these subjects, than the barbarous tribes who inhabited the same regions, two or three centuries since.

ANGER.—It was a memorable saying of Peter the Great, "I have civilized my country, but I cannot civilize myself." He was at times vehement and impetuous; and committed, under the impulse of his fury, the most unwarrantable excesses; yet we learn that even he was known to tame his anger, and to rise superior to the violence of his passions. Being one evening in a select company, when something was said which gave him great offence, his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to its utmost pitch. Though he could not command his first emotions, he had resolution enough to quit the company. He walked bare-headed for some time, with the most violent agitation, in the intense frosty air, stamping on the ground, and beating his head, with all the marks of the greatest fury and passion; and did not return to the company until he was quite composed.

Lord Somers was naturally of a choleric disposition; and the most striking part of his character was the power of controlling his passion at the moment when it seemed ready to burst forth. Swift, in his "Four last years of Queen Anne," has in vain endeavored to blacken this amiable part of that great man's character, as what the Dean mistook for a severe censure, has proved the greatest panegyric.—"Lord Somers being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those whom he converses with, from his own example, to keep within the bounds of decency; and it is indeed true, that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence to himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage, in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner."

An Arabian merchant, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the governor of Mashat for justice; the governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman, surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his petition. "Because," said the judge, "you were always drunk when I saw you." But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for several years, the judge replied, "the drunkenness with which you were overtaken, is the most dangerous of all—it is the drunkenness of anger."

DUELLING.—Harte, in the life of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, gives us the following narrative:

"It was in one of the Prussian campaigns, that the irrational practice of duelling rose to a considerable height in the Swedish army, not only among persons of rank and fashion, but between common soldier and common soldier; upon which Gustavus published a severe edict, and denounced death against every delinquent. Soon after there arose a quarrel between two officers of very high command, and as they knew the king's firmness in preserving his word inviolable, they agreed to request an audience, and besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honor. His Majesty repressed his passion, of course, with reluctance; but, under the appearance of pitying brave men who thought their reputation injured, he told them that he blamed them much for their mistaken notions of fame and glory; yet as this unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, he would allow them to decide the affair at the time and place specified.—'And, gentlemen, (said he,) I will be myself an eye-witness of your extraordinary valor.'"

At the hour appointed, Gustavus arrived, accompanied with a small body of infantry, which he formed into a body round the combatants. 'Now,' says he, 'fight, till one man dies;' and calling the executioner of the army to him,—"Friend," said he, "the instant one is killed, behead the other before my eyes." Astonished with such inflexible firmness, the two generals, after pausing a moment, fell down upon their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness; who made them embrace each other, and give their promise to continue faithful friends to their last moments; as they both did, with sincerity and thankfulness."

SWEDENBORG, THE ORIGINAL PHRENOLOGIST.—A Biography of Swedenborg was published at Copenhagen, in 1806, with some extracts from his writings. It is shown by this work, that the distinguished Swede, about fifty years previous to the time of Dr. Gall's theory, entertained a very similar opinion. The following are the words of Swedenborg: "Every man that is born, has a disposition to all kinds of evil, which must be checked by education, and as far as possible, rooted out. This is first to be attempted by correction and punishment, then by good society and example, which leads to imitation, and at last, good is secured upon a true and religious root. When these conditions are all observed, it is indicated by a beautiful skull of the individual. On the contrary, should the education be neglected, or no sudden misfortune nor opposition hinder the first out-breaking of evil or disorder, the evil afterwards becomes habit, and produces peculiar wishes both in design and practice, which cause the formation of a badly shaped skull. The cause of the difference of skulls in such cases is this: the peculiar

distinctives of man, *Will and Understanding*, have their seats in the brain, which is excited by the fleeting desires of the will, and the ideas of the intellect. Near the various spots where these irritations produce their effects, this or that part of the brain is called into a greater or less degree of activity, and forms along with itself, corresponding parts of skull."

FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Eudoxus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations, who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had but just learnt it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern relations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1521, had no idea of fire.—Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Magellan on one of their islands. At first, they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents us, even in our days, with some nations in this deplorable state.—*Parkes' Chemical Essays.*

Hippocrates was of opinion, that "the soul, partly by the pores of the skin, partly by the orifices of the head, which have served the various purposes of life, leaves the earthly tabernacle, and abandons the cold and inanimate image of man."

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

THE DOVE.

MR EDITOR,—The following lines were suggested by a picture—a dove alighting on the bosom of a lady; and were indited at the moment. They are at your disposal; and if not too trivial, at your service.

Aye, nestle there forever,

My beautiful, my dove;

Thou'lt find no fairer bosom,

Thou'lt find no truer love.

Fold now thy weary pinions,

And calm thy little breast;

A gentler beats beneath thee—

So, sweet one, take thy rest.

Oh, may the heart that warms thee,

Ne'er tortured be with care—

The innocence that charms thee,

Ne'er bartered for despair—

The eye that now regards thee,

Ne'er look on aught less pure—

The love that dwells upon thee,

No falsehood e'er allure.

And oh, if to that bosom,

Thou bear'st a thought of me;

Brood o'er the embryo treasure—

And never, never flee;

Till, warmed into thy image,

That thought its pinions prove:

Then guide it to my bosom,

My beautiful, my dove.

Translated for the Literary Journal.

The following compliment to the transcendent genius of Homer, is from the pen of the French critic Boileau.

When last, within Apollo's sacred vale,

Where zephyrs breathe, and flowers their sweets exhale,

The sister Muses, by command, rehearse

The charms of Homer's bright, immortal verse;

The Odyssey some, with partial zeal admire,

Some kindle at the glowing Iliad's fire.

"Now," said the god of song, "a secret know,

Yet unrevealed unto the world below.

With Homer on Permessus' balmy shore,

'Mid laurel groves, where limpid waters pour,

A sweet enchantment o'er the valley hung—

For Homer wrote, what I enraptured sung."

For the Literary Journal.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Sam Thornton was a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; a very good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; yet he was a universal favorite—he was handsome, so the women liked him—he was frank and generous, so the men liked him—he was witty, amusing and mischievous, so every body liked him. He would do just what he pleased; and no one thought of being offended at it. One would have thought that the ladies were all his cousins, he was so saucy, and they minded it so little. He would even brave the fury of his aunt Deborah, a maiden lady of—Oh, I do n't know how many years!—and the most capacious, peevish, cross old maid (I speak with all due deference to the established reputation of some of my own aunts) in all Christendom. He would seat himself by her table, and industriously employ himself for half an hour, in deranging her spools, needles, and the thousand other things to be found in a lady's work-box; he would even bring into her presence (she was of the Society of Friends) his flute or violin; yet the severest rebuke that he ever received from her, was, "Samuel, thee 's a very noisy boy;" to which he generally replied by striking into a still louder tune. Any one who could conciliate Aunt Deborah's favor, was unanimously declared incapable of giving offence.

Hannah Primly was one of those benevolent ladies, who not being burdened with any business of their own, generously take upon themselves, that of their neighbors. She loved every body—at least she said so; and surely she ought to know. She always felt so interested, when there was any tale of scandal—not from curiosity, Oh no; she detested prying into other people's affairs—but merely from affection towards the suffering parties. And then having given it a few additions and corrections, she would tell it with such inimitable grace and with so much sympathy for poor, dear Mrs A. or Mr B.—and she was always really sorry to say any thing about it, and she hoped it was not true; but she feared—she would n't have any thing said about it, for the world—that is, not from her—no one detected scandal more than she did; but people would talk, and she could n't help it. She was not married, no indeed, not she: she had an absolute horror of the filthy men, and proud was she of it. Yet even in her pride, her characteristic modesty was displayed; for she would never take the credit of more than thirty-three years of maidenhood; although an appeal to the family bible, would have fully established her title to forty-four.

Such was Hannah Primly; and she was really a blessing to the neighborhood. Was a young couple about to be married; she would, in the most friendly and confidential manner inform each, of every report which had ever been raised to the disadvantage of the other—not to make any disagreement; she loved to see harmony—but merely to prevent any misunderstanding and disappointment which might arise from their having too high an opinion of each other. Was a story in circulation, to the discredit of some wild young fellow; she would be sure to relate it to his parents and friends—not to subject him to any mortification—but in hopes that he might be reformed by timely interference. Indeed, so extremely ardent was she in the performance of her duty, that she would frequently repeat tales, without pausing to reflect upon their truth, or even probability. It was once reported that Deacon Holdforth had been seen in a state of intoxication. Great was the astonishment. The whole community was talking about the Deacon's fall from grace. An immediate church meeting was contemplated to investigate the affair. Deacon Holdforth—father of fourteen children—Overseer of the Poor—member of the Town Council—President of the Temperance Society—had been seen drunk! Who could have imagined it? Only a week before, he had headed a petition, that no licences for the sale of ardent spirits, might be granted in the village. The shoemaker deserted his last—the tailor dropped his goose. A young gentleman who had been, for a month, concocting a Temperance Address—his maiden effort—hastened home, and added five most furious pages to his production. In the mean time, a party of the Deacon's friends went to his house. He met them at his door, with a sobriety which did credit even to his sober office. An explanation ensued. It was all false, un-

founded—completely so. Then how delighted was Miss Primly. She never did believe a word of it—but then, she saw a man in a snuff-colored coat, (the Deacon always wore that color,) staggering about; and he looked so exactly like Deacon Holdforth, that she could n't help just stepping over to Mrs Pry, and mentioning the resemblance: then Mrs Pry very naturally told Mrs Johnson, in strict confidence: and Mrs Johnson told Mrs Adams; and so it went round. 'Tis strange how people will talk—but it could n't be helped.

Sam Thornton—I hope you have not forgotten him, kind reader—had resolved to visit a friend in Boston. According to Miss Primly's request, he called on her, to take a letter for her brother, Capt. Jonathan Primly. "It is merely a letter of introduction," said she, as she handed it to him; "so you must by all means deliver it yourself. You will find my nieces, the Misses Primly vastly interesting. There are five of them, dear creatures—Geraldine, and Angelina Matilda, and Sophronia, and Henrietta Antoinette, and Hannah Augusta. Hannah is my favorite, and a beautiful girl she is too: she was named for me; and Mr Percival used to say that she resembled me in appearance no less than she did in name. But I forgot—you know all about that affair of Miss Mason; now do tell me the whole of it—how dreadfully her parents must feel—and poor George, they say he was very much attached to her. Oh! I am so interested in the girl."

"Then you are acquainted with her?"

"No, but I—I like the name—and indeed, I passed an evening with her second cousin, a year or two since; but you have n't told me any thing about her yet; I am dying to know."

"I saw her yesterday, she was in good health and fine spirits."

"Indeed! why, I heard that she ran away with her father's coachman. I told Mrs Pry, that I could not believe it. But people will talk, you know; and we cannot help it—the world is very censorious. You know, every body said, last summer, that I was engaged to Captain Gridiron. Now upon my word, there was no foundation for the report—at least, I never gave him any encouragement."

"The world is very censorious, as you say. The best of us cannot escape—even you are the subject of scandal."

"What, has that old story about Captain Gridiron been revived? I protest, I shall scarcely dare speak to him again; or, are they talking about Mr Gilmore?"

"Oh no; I refer to something different from either of these; you remember that Mr Fenton was offended with you, about the time when it was reported that he was in jail."

"How strange it was that he should have blamed me.—The matter was just this. A friend hinted to me, that Mr Fenton was somewhat embarrassed in his business, and that it was to be feared some of his creditors might imprison him; you know how natural it is for one to like to have the first telling of a story; so I just stepped over to Mrs Pry, and told her in strict confidence that Mr Fenton was in prison—and surely I thought that he was then, for I had waited one whole day. I cautioned Mrs Pry, not to mention a word of it; and she only told a dozen or so of her most intimate friends; and how it got out, I can't tell. I had no hand in it; and it was very unjust in Mr Fenton, to blame me; but what did he say?"

"Oh, I dare not tell you; you will be offended with him and me too."

"But I will promise to be offended with neither: did he call me an old maid? it would be just like him."

"No; worse than that: he called you a scandalous old vixen."

"What," exclaimed Miss Primly, who had anticipated no worse term of reproach than "old maid" or "busy-body;" what—a scandalous old vixen! Me, Miss Hannah Primly, sister of Captain Jonathan Primly! Me, a scandalous old vixen! The old fool; I do n't believe but he *was* put in prison. If I was only inclined to meddle with other people's affairs, I could tell a story about him. Scandalous vixen, truly.—They say he never came off very honorably about that church affair. He belongs to the Temperance Society; but I know what Peter Scroggins, the tavern-keeper said of him."

"Ah! and what did he say?"

"Why he said that he did n't believe but Mr Fenton

would violate the constitution in less than six months after he had signed it. I declare, I'll go and tell Mrs Pry of it before I am an hour older. Betty, hand me my cloak and hood—scandalous vixen! It's the last name I ever expected to have applied to me—scandalous vixen! I'll not be called so, for nothing."

Great was the confusion created in the family of Capt. Jonathan Primly, when that gentleman announced that he had received a letter from his sister Hannah, stating "that Samuel Thornton, nephew and sole heir of Frederick Thornton, Esq., will be here on Thursday evening. He is on his way to Boston, and bears a letter of introduction to us; and here is a postscript for you, Hannah."

Hannah eagerly caught the letter; the postscript was as follows:

"I could not close, my dear Hannah, without saying a word to you, about Mr Thornton. He is tall and handsome, and writes beautiful poetry, only you must persuade him ever-so-long. I am sure he will be pleased with you; for every one said he was in love with Miss Smith, and she very much resembles you; only her hair is n't red, and she has n't got a pug nose, and is n't round shouldered. I know you will like him. His uncle is desirous of seeing him married, and is a great admirer of female beauty; so he cannot but like you. Adieu, Yours ever, H. P."

"Oh, how I long to see the handsome Mr Thornton," said Hannah; "indeed, mamma, we live so out of the civilized world, that one hardly sees a young man once a month."

"Then it behoves you to improve your present opportunity," answered the prudent mother. Many were the suppositions entertained, and many were the contrivances agitated by the interesting Misses Primly, during the two days intervening between the receipt of Aunt Hannah's letter and the expected arrival of the stranger.

A council had been held, in which it was decreed—not without much opposition on the part of her four sisters—that Hannah Augusta possessed the strongest claim to the prize. Still his taste was to be ultimate; and should he evince a partiality for any one of the others, he was to be left to his own free choice. Hannah was to play for him—and she practiced "Alice Gray" and "Oh no, I never mention her," at least fifty times—and Hannah was to present her Album, and Hannah was to sit beside him—but Sophronia was to exhibit her drawings; and all the others were to display their attractions to the best advantage. Henrietta and Geraldine had treasonably entered into a conspiracy to supplant their red-haired sister, and advance the interests of each other; and should either succeed, the future Mrs Thornton was to take her less fortunate sister to her new abode; where they concluded the chance of matrimony would be far more favorable than in their present retired residence.

"And I'm sure," said Geraldine, after they had concluded the terms of the compact; "I'm sure you look a thousand times better than Hannah; only be careful not to laugh and show your teeth."

"Well, I hope I am not vain," replied the modest Henrietta, "but I do think I look better than Hannah; and had Doctor Dental fixed my teeth, last week, I should have had no fear: but as it is, Geraldine, I place all dependence upon you. I doubt not to see you, one day, Mrs Thornton; and then I hope you will not forget your sister Henrietta."

"Indeed, I shall not."

"One thing more, Geraldine—sit by the corner near the piano, and he will not perceive that you are hump-backed; and your complexion looks best, away from the glass; so, do n't go too near the centre-table." Thus these two amiable sisters separated.

"Captain," said Mrs Primly, (she always called him Captain when she had a favor to ask,) "I think our mantle looks quite bare, I wish you would purchase the time-piece and ornaments—only an hundred and seventy-five dollars."—The Captain's countenance which had been all sunshine at the commencement of the sentence, gradually grew darker and darker until the conclusion, when it looked like a thunder cloud. "And they are so appropriate for you, Captain; so *military* in their appearance; I'm sure Major Anson will admire your taste: you recollect, he is to dine with us next week." The last argument was irresistible; the Captain

handed the money to his wife, and the *military* ornaments were purchased. They were vases of flowers, and made an elegant but, certainly not *very martial* appearance. However, Mrs Primly assured her husband that they were in *military taste*, and in matters of taste, as well as in most other matters, he had long been accustomed to yield to his wife.

The long-expected evening arrived. The interesting Misses Primly were all dressed in such ways, and seated in such positions, as they thought would set off their charms to the best advantage. Mrs Primly entered like a prudent general, to see if her forces were properly arranged. "Angelina, my love, do not sit directly under the light. Sophronia, why have you put on that blue sash; the color does not become you—change it for pink. Geraldine, where is that cape which you wore at Miss Clarke's party? but hush! there's the bell, I declare." She ran to the window. "Oh! it is only James Dobson—well, I am glad of it upon the whole—we shall need another gentleman; so treat him with civility—Angelina, ask him if his sister Emily has returned."

"Indeed mamma," said Angelina, "I have no idea of devoting myself to a bore, all the evening."

"Bore! do n't you know his father is worth fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and has fifty thousand children to share it."

"But his grandmother, my love—he is her favorite—and every one thinks she will give him the bulk of her property—and she is immensely rich, and almost dead."

"Ah! that alters the case," said the amiable Angelina: and stepping forward to meet Dobson as he entered, extended her hand—"How are you, Mr Dobson? You are quite a stranger here; mamma was saying, only a few minutes since, that she feared you had quite deserted us. And your charming sister Emily, how is she? Tell her she must come to see us without any ceremony, now she has come home."

The evening passed slowly and tediously, away. The hand of the new *military* time-piece pointed successively to eight—nine—ten—eleven; but no Mr Thornton appeared. Dobson took his leave; the Captain fell asleep in his arm chair, over a book on military tactics; and was awakened by the euphonious tones of his amiable wife's voice, which in his dreams, he very naturally mistook for the explosion of a magazine on the plains of Waterloo, whither he had been, wafted by his military genius. The interesting Misses Primly, disappointed and vexed, retired. Angelina, dreamed of being Mrs Dobson, and having ten thousand dollars a year. Hannah Augusta dreamed that the handsome Mr Thornton had arrived and departed, leaving his heart, and carrying away instead of it, her Album and a lock of her red hair, large enough to make a wig of.

"I am at loss to imagine," said Mrs Primly, as the family assembled around the breakfast table, "what could have detained him; the road is not very bad, and I never heard of a robbery committed on it."

"He certainly would not be so imprudent as to travel unarmed," answered her warlike spouse.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who handed a letter. "It is from Hannah," said Mrs Primly—and on the outside is, "Courtesy of Mr Thornton." 'Tis the very letter we have been expecting: surely he cannot have called so very early—if he has, Captain, you must go down and entertain him until the girls can dress—but stop Thomas, who brought this letter?"

"Cesar, ma'am—the black boy who lives at the tavern."

"Cesar, the black boy! and who gave it to him, pray?"

"A gentleman who came to the tavern last evening, ma'am,—he has just left for Boston."

Sam had arrived, the evening previous; but remembering that, according to Miss Primly, the most beautiful and interesting of her nieces resembled *her*, he concluded that he was too much fatigued to deliver, in person, the letter committed to his charge: so he retired; and in the morning, sent it by a servant.

"How provoking," said Mrs Primly, after reading the letter; "when we had taken so much pains—however, we may see him when he returns."

"Do you really think, mamma, that James Dobson will have ten thousand dollars a year?" asked Angelina.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

For the Literary Journal.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

"The Headsman; or, the Abbaye des Vignerons: A Tale; by the Author of 'The Bravo,' &c."

Notwithstanding the lukewarmness with which the novels of Cooper are hailed by his countrymen, we cannot but hope that his last, "The Headsman," will receive its just meed of praise. It is certainly worthy of general perusal. The whole character of the work is new, and its machinery is so ably managed, as to produce a vivid interest. It belongs to that class of novels in which every thing tends to a given point, having no discursive flights, no irrelevant episodes, or talks "by the way side," to check the impatient fancy, and draw out the tale to its rightful number of pages.—Although we fully appreciate the various styles of novel-writing which belong to the present age, yet, we give the preference to the smoothly-told tale, which bears the impress of nature, and leads the imagination gradually on, with the skill of a narrator, whose impassioned feeling is gracefully controlled. Those works which abound in passionate starts, in wild and unnatural impulses, and incidental sketches of love-lorn damsels, and disappointed artists, though they may possess passages of striking beauty, are infinitely less perfect as novels, than the natural, though highly wrought relations, indited by greater minds. Nor do we hesitate to assert, that no other than the highest order of intellect, can produce tales resplendent with natural beauty; for it is much easier to write a rhapsody, than a true and vivid description, and less difficult to depict the disjointed ravings of madness, than to trace the upward progress of a reasoning and philosophic mind. Any one can fancy sources of excitement which may influence the villain, or the maniac; but few can analyze the deep stirrings of the pure and high-minded, or the darker workings of the still, every-day hypocrite. It requires an accurate knowledge of human nature, united to a keen and reflective mind, to do this; and as few possess these properties in connection with the imagination requisite for the accompanying plot, such romances are rare. Greater genius is displayed in depicting the stern determination of Balfour of Burly, and the subtlety of Rashleigh Osbaldistone, than the open villany of Paul Clifford, or the haughty reserve of Eugene Aram. To these last novels, however, we would accord great praise. Their author is a man of brilliant thought, and admirable powers of language. But his works want nature. It may be as useful as it is interesting, to pour-tray, occasionally, the excesses of passion. Napoleon, even in his ungovernable wrath, was Napoleon still. Though sometimes impotent with rage upon slight occasions, yet, this common link between him and ourselves did but exhibit by contrast, the immense height to which his greatness usually soared. Sparks may be drawn from the "giant rock" by the collision of a pebble-stone. But sublimity dwells also in the beautiful repose of universal nature. There is something elevating in its contemplation, purifying in its tendencies, and divine in its analogy. Nor can such a scene fail to impress us with a sense of power. The command, "Peace; be still," was inspired by the same Almighty Spirit which rides on the whirlwind and governs in the storm. Human nature as it usually exists, presents a more difficult prototype for the artist, than its occasional distortions. The one requires a common imagination; the other, uncommon observation. It is with the novelist as with the landscape painter. The latter knows that the lines of the sky and his own colors, are oftentimes the same; but to arrange his ingredients so as to present the varied and exquisite shades in nature, to blend each harmoniously with the other, so as to strike the beholder as natural, demands surpassing skill. Thus, the man of lively fancy and ordinary abilities, can lay before us an imaginative tale, brilliant but inconsistent, fascinating but anomalous, a mass of possibilities, but utterly deficient in truth and discrimination. Let us not be misunderstood, however, as advocating a suppression of the imagination, for the sake of practical good sense. We consider the latter as tame, and uninteresting, unattended by the former. We approve of beautiful theories, and poetical dreams: and of souls almost bursting with their proud and generous aspirations. These tend to elevate us above the stern realities of life. Though visionary, they may be so beautifully interwoven with the coarse warp of our natures, as to give a finer character to the

whole. One whose fancy thus floats along upon the severer qualities of his mind, reminds us, irresistibly, of a bold mountain height, around the rugged outline of which, clouds of the most delicate texture are so artfully wrapt, that the whole seems softened into a heavenly shape of beauty.

We do not like those heroes and heroines who are set apart for display, having a constant fund of difficulty to surmount, as if it were possible to travel up and down a chain of mountains during a whole life, without pausing in the valleys to take breath, and consider whether it is better to proceed, or to stop short. We would rather observe the mind in this latter process, than behold it so completely "wound up," that it must, ere it can stop, either break, or "run down." An author should relate his tale like one who had merely observed the actions of others, and hastened to entertain his hearers with their repetition; or, "to point a moral," in the events of which he had been an eye witness. But how often, in representation, men are made puppets by each other, with each string and pulley apparent to all; or, on the contrary, how often are their productions so full of plots and counter-plots, that, like the gordian knot, the whole must be rudely severed, or remain entangled forever. Such are the romances we despise. But Scott, Cooper, James, and a few others, belong to that noble class of writers who make the world their study, and point out the errors of the great—the virtues of the humble—the defects in human laws—and the absurdity of unnatural distinctions.

A deep and excellent moral pervades the romantic events, recorded in "The Headsman." It seems, that by the old laws of Switzerland, the office of common executioner was not only hereditary, but the unfortunate individuals in whom it was vested, and who were compelled to perform its functions, were regarded with abhorrence, avoided with superstitious fear, and cut off from the sympathies of mankind.—Cooper displays to us the virtues as well as miseries of one of these devoted families. Honor and dishonor, as hereditary, are powerfully contrasted; and the mind is forced to acknowledge the absurdity, not to say guilt, of human distinctions. The entitled advantages of an aristocracy are very well for those who inherit them; but when the rule of descent is made to act upon the less desirable duties of life, it presses too heavily to be borne.

Above all, we admire the work, for its interesting heroine. Our author's conception of female character, is certainly improving. He has heretofore touched some of his fair readers to the quick, in his stupid little heroines, who were invariably tame and insipid, acquiescent without judgment, yielding without grace, and enduring because too weak to resist.—This is all wrong. A woman may approach more nearly to the general elements of the male character, without losing her identity, than is usually imagined. Allow her courage as well as fortitude, the capacity to suggest as well as the disposition to obey, the nerve to act as well as the power to think, and she is more perfect as a woman, provided she possesses the tact, the feminine delicacy of vision, to discern the hair-line between energy and boldness, between spirit and manly daring, than she, who with a mind exclusively bent upon the preservation of the distinguishing female graces, passes a life of gentle dependence. There is a noble medium between the headlong torrent and the petty streamlet. It is the flowing river—bold but not boundless—rushing, yet constrained—deep, yet not fathomless.

The lovely Adelheid possesses an integrity and fixedness of purpose, which commands admiration; while the delicate tenderness of her heart captivates our own. Her noble principles of action spring from the intensity of her affections.—Hence she is true to her feminine nature. A woman cannot preserve her loveliness as a woman, unless her ambition and her love of worldly honors, are subservient to the softer impulses of her heart. Shakspeare is right when he makes love control the destinies of all his heroines. They may aspire reasonably, but they were never meant to trample upon their own hearts and the hearts of others, for empty aggrandizement, as men may do with greater impunity. But even with men, we doubt if there are many whose ambition has not been at some time during their lives, the very slave of their affections. We believe it to be like the fanning of a feeble zephyr, compared to the deep yearning for the society of one, whom reason and imagination unite in worshipping.

Cooper possesses a singular art of riveting the attention, with a very small expenditure of incident. He casts a spell around us, to which we insensibly yield. This is more particularly the case with his Red Rover. We cannot lay down the book when once commenced; and yet, such is the paucity of incident, that we are half ashamed to pore over it with such intensity. None of his novels are without some striking scenes. The Pioneer, as he is represented from youth to old age, is an admirable conception. He is one of the most delightful and original delineations that we have ever seen. It is a character, too, requiring more than ordinary talent to pourtray; yet so adequate is our author to the task, that it would be impossible to improve it.

It would be wrong to bestow even a passing panegyric upon Cooper, without dwelling for an instant upon the inimitable Tom Coffin. He is another of our author's happiest efforts; for certain peculiar qualities of our own Eastern soil are ingeniously interwoven with the boldness and skill, the reckless generosity, the careless candor, and devoted love for the great deep, which we invariably associate with a seaman's character. And then his death—so manly, yet so touching—so unwished-for, and yet so true to the whole tenor of his life!

Cooper only could present to us a portrait of so much novelty and attraction. The same peculiar characteristics have been partially bestowed upon several after heroes. We have since become accustomed to bold hardihood—to storms at sea—to mysterious ships—and cool, reserved, Corsair-like commanders. One great merit of Cooper's sketches is found in their originality; not that his conceptions are always varied; for, like other professed writers, a characteristic vein of thought is perceptible through all his works: but the general train of his romance belongs exclusively to himself. All writers, however gifted, whether poets or novelists, have their "order of performance," though Scott has taken a broader range in his flight than the rest. Even detractors must acknowledge, that no other than Cooper, has rendered a ship intrinsically beautiful to women as well as men; yet this he has certainly done in his Red Rover. The "Royal Caroline" appears to us a thing of life; and we glory as much in its perfect make, and stately movements, we feel our sympathies as warmly enlisted in its gallant struggles with the elements, as did the enthusiastic young captain who would have died rather than forsake it in the hour of peril.

It is extremely interesting to compare the different productions of our best writers with each other. Beginning with Scott and continuing the observation down to our own Paulding, it is surprising to see what varied combinations of character are placed before us. It is as useful to give a cursory glance at this imaginary world, as it is actually to mingle with mankind in their public assemblages, or in the more refined and fashionable circles of the great. Human nature has been well sifted, since the days of Fielding. He is the Shakspeare of prose. Since his bold sketches, writers have drawn more from nature, than from the imagination exclusively, as formerly. It is certainly true also, that the more keenly we scan our fellow beings, the more minute do the complicated folds of their different temperaments appear.—Aristotle's system of a world within a world, is more true of the inward than outward nature. Enough is created; imagination need only embellish.

Time is not misspent in perusing our best novels. We know it is the opinion of some, that when they have Shakspeare and Fielding, Milton, Addison, and Johnson before them, they have enough for a life. True, here are mines of thought, but they are susceptible of numberless ramifications. D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," gives us a chapter upon "Imitations," which shows how much an idea may be heightened, and how gradual is its approach to perfection. In observing how often the thoughts of others have been imbibed, unconsciously improved, and re-produced by some of the greatest minds the world has ever known, we are led to believe that there is indeed, strictly speaking, "nothing new under the sun." In modern days, a man of talent is a sort of mental alchemist, and we rejoice to say, that greater success has attended the transmutation of heavy suggestions into current truths, than ever crowned the efforts of the ancient searchers for the philosopher's stone.

We do not approve of too much reading. Literature should

be absorbed by the mind, exactly as water is taken up by a sponge; itself unseen, save as it increases the bulk of the original material. But to pack down the thoughts of others just as we would pack a jar of sweetmeats, is absurd in the extreme.

When the taste is once formed, reading may be desultory. Let the compass of the mind be first extended by an acquaintance with the solid writers; and then, every thing else will be like tributary streams, which swell the original current, while their own tiny natures are lost in its depths. Desultory reading is advantageous, because we are thus led to comprehend the full extent of our own powers. We are often in the beginning, attracted towards our best friends by a casual, but happy remark. Thus may the imperfect suppositions of others, touch a train of thought, which afterwards embodies new and important discoveries. The mind, like the bell, is struck ere it can sound; but the various vibrations, whether they be strong or weak, belong intrinsically to the metal of which it is composed.

B. B.

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NOTES ON STATUARY AND SCULPTURE.

NUMBER THREE.

GRECIAN STATUARY.—Schools of Art.—Wooden Idols.—Dædalus.—Dibutades.—Cora.—Samian School.—Rhæcus of Samos.—Hammered Bronze Statues.—Use of rivets in Statuary.—Models.—Group of Hercules and the Amazon.—School of Sicyon.—Dipaneus and Scyllis.—Introduction of the use of Marble.—Toreutic Statues.—The Amyclee Apollo.—Colored Statues.—Encaustic Painting.—Myron.—Iconic Statues.—Slow progress of improvement during the early ages of Grecian Sculpture.

The writers on ancient art and science, have usually designated the different theories of philosophy, the different stages of improvement in science, and the different methods of operation in art, into classes; to which they have given the general appellation of "Schools;" each school bearing the name of its founder, or the place of its origin. Each of these successive schools, therefore, is merely intended to denote a different method of reasoning in philosophy, or of operation in art, introduced by some mind of more than ordinary power or invention.

In the following remarks upon Grecian Statuary and Sculpture, we can only notice some of the most distinguished of its Schools.

The foundation of the first is generally ascribed to Dædalus, a native of the island of Crete, who went to Attica during the reign of Theseus, and commenced his labors at Athens, about twelve hundred years before the Christian era. The Greeks, however, possessed some rude specimens of Statuary before his time. Pausanias tells us, that the original idols of Greece were shapeless stones, or logs of wood, bearing the names of their deities. These, they at length began to carve into something like the rude outlines of the human form: but at the time of Dædalus, their statues scarcely equalled those made by the present natives of the Islands of the Pacific: for they had not then proceeded so far as to attempt any resemblance of the limbs. The arms of their figures were merely marked out on their sides, and some uncouth and clumsy attempts were made to represent the folds of drapery. The skill of Dædalus was probably employed almost entirely in carving in wood; and his great improvement in the art, appears to have consisted in detaching the arms from the sides of his wooden images.

To this period, or one soon after, is ascribed the invention of the *coraplastic* art; or the process of forming figures in soft substances. This process, according to the Greek writers, was the offspring of united taste and affection; and they have wrought up the real or supposed incident from which it originated, into a beautiful and touching legend.—A Greek girl, named Cora, the daughter of Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, was on the eve of parting from her lover, for a long and uncertain period of separation. As she sat watching him while he was asleep, the light of a lamp threw the shadow of his features upon an opposite wall. The thought seized the enamoured and ingenious girl, that by

tracing the outline of the shadowed profile, on the wall, she might preserve the resemblance of the loved object during his absence; and with a trembling and silent hand, she performed her labor of affection. The outline, thus drawn, was afterwards filled with clay, by her father Dibutades; who by raising the centre of the mass of clay, and by depressing its outer edges to meet the traced outline, formed a *medallion*.

The next great improvement in Grecian Statuary, is attributed to Rhæcus of Samos, one of the founders of the Samian School. He was the first among his countrymen, who is known to have made statues in brass. This was about the year seven hundred and seventy-seven before Christ.—He is also said to have been the inventor of *models*, a necessary consequence indeed of the nature of his materials: for these models were probably not constructed like those of later times, as perfect designs to be imitated in the finished work; but merely for the internal part of the figure; to which the pieces of brass, forming the statue, were attached: for at this time, the process of *casting* statues does not appear to have been practiced in Greece. This fact is remarkable: for the castings in brass, of Hiram of Tyre, for the Temple of Solomon, were done at least two centuries before the time of Rhæcus. The brazen statues of the latter, as well as those made by his immediate successors of the Chian School, were formed of a number of separate *plates* of metal, each hammered into its proper shape, and the whole joined together with *rivets*. When this was done, and the whole figure firmly secured, the features and the folds of the drapery were wrought over with the graver and chisel. The interior of the statue was filled with wood, clay, or some other substance. Small figures were sometimes hammered from solid pieces of metal, and then finished with the chisel. The existing specimens of the bronze statuary of the Etruscans, appear to have been finished in the same manner; and the practice was continued in Greece, long after the formation of bronze *cast* statues; which were also made in separate parts, and joined together, probably around a model or central figure.

During, or soon after the time of Rhæcus, the use of *solid* instead of rivets, appears to have been adopted; and for the period of about a century after his time, the progress of improvement appears to have been rapid: for the *group* of Hercules combatting the Equestrian Amazon, is generally allowed to have been executed by Aristocles of Crete, about the year six hundred and fifty before Christ.

Until this period, we find no traces of the use of *marble* in Grecian Statuary; although carvings in stone, and ornaments and devices wrought in that material, must of course, have been frequent, for ages previous. The first marble statues are said to have been executed at Chios, by Malas, a native of that island: and this assertion is probably true; as Chios abounded with quarries of the finest stone. The general use of marble for statuary, was not introduced into Greece, until fifty years afterwards; and was then effected by Dipaneus and Scyllis, the two most celebrated masters of the School of Sicyon. Thus, it appears, that considering the age of Dædalus as the first era of Grecian Statuary, almost six hundred years had been spent by the artists of that country, in rude labors on wood and metals; before the most beautiful and delicate material, the one best adapted to their purposes, and the most profusely furnished by nature, was applied to use.

The two last named artists were also celebrated for their productions in a different kind of Statuary, which appears to have been brought to a high state of perfection before their time; but which was by them and their successors, labored to a degree of finish and beauty, truly wonderful.—This art consisting in forming statues whose separate parts were formed of different substances. Gold, silver, brass, wood, marble, ivory and precious stones, were frequently combined in a single work, whose component parts were united into a whole, by inlaying and veneering the surface of a model or internal figures, with thin plates or laminae of two or more of these materials. Many of their engravings on gems have also been much celebrated. Pausanias informs us, that a number of their works were extant in his day; and particularly mentions their statue of the Lydian Minerva; which was indeed to be seen at Constantinople,

during the eleventh century. This was four cubits or six feet in height; and was wrought from one entire and solid emerald.

But notwithstanding the immense labor which must have been bestowed upon works of such materials, it appears that these were valuable more as specimens of unwearied industry and great mechanical skill, than as examples either of grace, beauty, or dignity of attitude or expression; which, if at all attempted, seems to have been less an object with the artists of that age, than a highly wrought excess of finish, and minute elaboration of drapery and ornament.

A bronze statue of Jupiter, at Sparta, is supposed to have been the work of Learchus of Rhegium, an artist of this School. The question is of no further importance, than as it relates to the time when this work was executed, which was probably about this period. This was constructed in a remarkable manner; being formed of separate pieces of bronze, fastened together by *dovetails*.

Another work, respecting the era of which, much doubt has existed, also deserves notice. This is a great shrine or throne, which stood in the temple of Apollo at Amyclee; and together with the altars and ornaments of the temple, is referred to Bathycles, an artist of Ionian Magnesia. This throne or shrine, (for it is difficult to give it any appropriate name,) was built of white marble, and covered with reliefs. It must have been of great size; since it contained the tomb of Hyacinthus, and was also the pedestal of a statue of the presiding deity, which has been known by the appellation of the "Amyclee Apollo." The statue was merely a simple, square pillar of iron; the only resemblance of which to a human figure, consisted in its being supplied with a head, hands and feet. The degree of finish which the sculptures on the shrine are described as having exhibited, seems incompatible with the form of the statue. The latter being of different materials, may have been of older workmanship; or was probably made on the model of some former image, whose peculiar shape had become hallowed by old associations in the minds of its worshippers.

Among the productions of the succeeding century, mention is made by the ancient writers, of a group of the Graces in marble gilt. Whether this was *inlaying* with gold, or was *gilding* as now practised; and whether the gold extended over the whole surface, or covered only a part, we are not informed. The ordinary methods of working, at that day, perhaps warrant the conjecture, that the marble was merely brought to a general resemblance of the intended expression, and the gold then applied to its surface, and the whole afterwards finished by the chisel. This, however, is but mere supposition, originating in the vagueness of the term "marble gilt," as applied to works of so great antiquity.

At this period, it was frequently the practice of artists to color their sculptures in imitation of nature; but Painting, in the modern acceptation of the word, was at that time unknown. The colors which were often applied to their statues both of wood and marble, are supposed to have been laid on in a dry state, in the form of *crayons*; which, after being blended, so as to produce the desired effect, were covered with a transparent varnish, or preparation of wax;—which gave them a high degree of brilliancy, and became of so hard a consistence, that it remained uninjured, and preserved the colors permanent and unfaded, for ages. The art of *Encaustic Painting* was afterwards carried to great perfection. This is supposed to have been an improvement upon the former method. In this process, the coloring matter and the preparation of wax were incorporated together, before they were applied to the statue or to the ground-work of the picture. Of the means by which these colors were prepared, and of the method of their application, our knowledge is, and probably ever will be, limited indeed. Encaustic Painting is now one of the "lost arts." Like many other branches of ancient knowledge, it has vanished from the earth. Swept away by the tide of years, the only traces and proofs of its former existence, remain in some few scattered and mutilated fragments, which have been accidentally preserved. Many attempts have been made, to discover the principles of this art, and have caused much learned and unwearied, but hitherto fruitless, research.

From the period of the last mentioned school, until the

time of Phidias, the art of Sculpture was gradually advancing towards perfection. But still, as a reference to the principal works, or even to the principal masters of that era, would far exceed our present limits, it must suffice to remark, that Architecture, Painting, and the other Fine Arts, had then arrived at a high degree of excellence. The *lathe* had previously been invented, and was much used in forming works in ivory: the *wheel* had long been employed in the engraving of gems; and great improvements had been made in the process of *casting*. The nature of, at least, some of the metals, was well understood; for the artists had succeeded in casting works from a composition of iron and copper, melted together; two metals the difficulty of producing an union between which, is well known, even at the present day.

During this intervening period of about one hundred and fifty years, many other signal improvements were made, and a number of celebrated artists arose and flourished. Among the most skilful of these, was Myron of Eleuthera, who wrought at Athens. His principal works were in bronze, although the largest statues on which he was employed, were of *wood*. It is impossible to ascertain the exact period at which he lived. This was probably about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era; and during the latter part of his life, he is supposed to have been cotemporary with Phidias. He executed, in an admirable style, many of that class of statues which are known by the appellation of "Iconic;" being representations, and frequently exact likenesses of the *athleta*, wrestlers, boxers, and victorious champions at the Olympic Games. Statues of this class were often highly prized, and were placed in the most conspicuous places in the Grecian cities. Those of bronze were probably still made hollow, or filled with some material of less weight than that which formed the outside: for it is recorded among the feats of strength of the *athleta* Milo, that after his statue in bronze had been made by Dameas of Crotona, the Grecian Samson took it upon his shoulder, and carried it to the spot intended for its reception, in the city of Elis.

The works of Myron have all perished: but we can form some idea of their merit, from the value which was placed upon them by his countrymen. One of his productions was a brazen heifer; which is described as having been so admirably executed, that the cows which approached it, could not for a long time become satisfied that it was not living like themselves. There are extant, no less than thirty-six poetical compositions, in praise of this single work. Another of his figures, a dog licking his wound, was preserved in the temple of Juno, and was so highly valued, that the lives of its keepers were held responsible for its security, and preservation from injury.

We have thus made but a very hasty and imperfect review of the progress of Grecian Statuary, to the commencement of that bright era which was rendered so illustrious by the labors of Phidias. Much of its early history is interwoven in the narratives of the ancient authors, with wild fictions and exaggerated fables; and our continual uncertainty as to what portions are true and what are false, greatly diminishes the interest which would otherwise be excited. But the later works of that great and refined people, being described with more certainty and precision, afford many themes of deep interest and unmingled admiration. In the field already traversed, hundreds of facts, of much value to the admirer of the arts, have been passed by unnoticed. The great leading events are all which it is possible to embody in a brief sketch like the present.

We have attempted to convey an idea of the slow and painful steps, by which, during the tardy progress of society, an art advances towards perfection. What a long course of years and of ages had passed away, before some of those which appear to us, as the most simple principles, were discovered. How many vain attempts at improvement—how much thought, expended in fruitless speculation—how much unavailing industry, must have been bestowed—how much anxiety and suffering must have been endured,—before even so much had been accomplished. Proud as we may be, that we possess a kindred nature with those who have become immortal by the achievements of their genius; still it is humbling to that pride, when we reflect, how small is

the link in the chain of improvement, which even one of these great minds is capable of adding. A modern writer has beautifully compared the efforts of men engaged in such pursuits, to the labors of the toiling and unwearied bee.—"To the individual, how momentous those cares:—yet how feeble their results, compared with the final sum of knowledge, which they were valuable only as they contributed to swell. How small the drop of liquid nectar, with which each laborer hastens to the hive:—yet, of such is composed the whole treasury of sweets!" G.

ZOOLOGICAL LECTURES.

We are gratified to learn, that Dr Mc Murtrie, of Philadelphia, has arrived in our city, with his costly apparatus, intending to offer our citizens, a course of Lectures on Zoology. We notified our readers a few weeks ago, that such a course of lectures might be expected. The lovers of Natural History, may expect a rich treat; and we presume that many who are now unconscious of a taste for it, in any of its departments, will find after hearing these lectures, strong attractions to its study, at least in one.

As evidence of the estimation in which these lectures have been held by competent judges, we extract the following from Walsh's National Gazette of June 14, 1833. It appears that a meeting had been held in Philadelphia, of one of the classes which had attended Dr Mc Murtrie's lectures. A committee was appointed to express to the lecturer, the sentiments of the class in regard to his labors for their improvement and gratification. This committee say, in their communication, which was previously read to the class, and unanimously approved;

"We have, during our attendance on your course, been forcibly impressed with a belief that all intelligent persons may be made to feel a deep interest in the facts and principles of the science, which you have so happily unfolded.—The curious structure, the various habits, and the astonishing sagacity, apparent in every part of the animal kingdom, have been presented in a manner the most engaging; and with visible demonstrations, which prove at once the liberality of the lecturer, the skill of his artists, and the truths of his science.

We have felt peculiar satisfaction in observing the excellent moral tendency of the view of nature which you have presented,—leading the mind by an easy, spontaneous ascent, from the contemplation of the beauties, the wonders and the blessings of creation, to the necessary existence, and undeniable agency of their Beneficent Author.

We cannot doubt that in proportion as the merits of your lectures become known, they will meet from the public, cordial approbation and substantial encouragement, which a devoted pursuit of any science—a familiarity with its best authorities—a method clear and intelligible—a style copious, expressive and delicate—an apparatus rich and magnificent, and that deportment of the gentleman ever mingling with the enthusiasm of the naturalist, so justly entitle the possessor to receive from those who may enjoy his instructions."

At the close of a second course, delivered in the same city, a very appropriate and substantial mark of regard was presented Dr Mc Murtrie, by the class which had attended that course, and which consisted largely of ladies; accompanied by a letter equally flattering in its language with that from which we have quoted. Of this, the National Gazette gives the following description:

"It is a superb compound achromatic microscope, (bearing an appropriate inscription,) with seven powers and complete apparatus, combining the additional advantage of a joint, by which the observer can incline it to any desired angle, and thus use it sitting. This splendid instrument was made, to order, by Professor Millington, who is using great exertions to construct all the higher orders of optical and philosophical instruments in this city, (Philadelphia,) and thus to obviate the necessity of sending to Europe for them. No little interest is added to the present occasion, by the fact, that this is the first instrument of the kind, that has ever been wholly executed in America."

The Friends seem to have been his early and constant patrons. And we agree with one of our editorial brethren, that "This is a good sign. When a thing receives the steady, uniform patronage of the Friends, we have always noticed that it turns out to be a *good thing*—something solid and useful."

The Franklin Society of our city, on learning that Dr Mc Murtrie was about to visit us, passed the following Resolution:

"Whereas, it is understood that Dr H. Mc Murtrie, of

Philadelphia, contemplates visiting Providence, for the purpose of delivering a course of public Lectures on Zoology,

Resolved, That we view with pleasure, the prospect that such a course of lectures will be instituted by a gentleman represented to possess peculiar qualifications for the task, and will use our exertions to ensure him success in the undertaking."

We have noticed by the papers, that he has been lecturing with equal success, on his favorite science, in Boston and other of our Eastern cities, as in his own. We doubt not, he will here receive ample patronage, in his efforts to unfold a new and delightful department of Natural History, one of wide extent and exhaustless interest.

LECTURES OF GENERAL LITERATURE, POETRY, &c; by James Montgomery. (Family Library, No. LXIV.) New-York; Harper and Brothers.—The Lectures on Poetry, which constitute the principal part of this volume, were delivered before the Royal Institution, in 1830 and 1831; and are now published with the author's revisions. A book on this subject, from a pen like that of Mr Montgomery, cannot be an object of indifference to any reader of taste. It is refreshing to turn occasionally from the crude essays and vapid criticisms on poetical subjects, which the periodical press is continually sending forth, and to read the commentaries of a true poet, upon the productions of his noble art. Such a source of gratification has been furnished by our author, in the present instance.

VILLAGE BELLER: A Novel. New-York: Harper and Brothers.—In one respect, this Tale differs materially from most of the novels of the present day. Throughout the whole, there is no apparent attempt at effect; no striking peculiarity of character or incident: in fact, none of the means of exciting interest, which are usually employed by the writers of romance. Its scenes are delineations of the events of ordinary life, and its dialogue seldom varies from the tone of real conversation. But still, there is in every page, so much truth to nature, so intimate an acquaintance with the secret, and often unnoticed, workings of the human heart, that the reader is insensibly carried forward in the perusal of the volumes, and closes them with regret, at having so soon arrived at their conclusion. Above all, the work is replete with lessons of sound morality; and unpretending as it is, will more amply repay a perusal, than many of its cotemporary productions, which have been more highly applauded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Reflections at Midnight: by T. S. D.

The Cheerful Heart—Stanzas, by Osmina.

Lines, by C. T.

ON FILE, FOR INSERTION.

Degalaiphus; A Tale of the Fourth Century.

DECLINED.

"Acrostic; for the First Day of January." If we merely considered the ingenuity displayed in this piece, it would have been inserted: but it is not poetry; and we know but few productions of its kind, which are. When, to the difficulties of rhyme, is added the necessity of selecting for the commencement of each line, a word beginning with a particular letter, the whole forms a dead weight upon the mind of a writer; beneath which, every thing like taste, feeling or imagination, is usually crushed. Acrostic-writing is about as easy, and generally about as effective, as dancing in fetters, swimming in handcuffs, or fiddling in mittens. If our correspondent will bestow upon a poem, but one half of the skill which has been wasted on these lines, we may expect a very good communication.

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SELECTIONS.—Effects of Education; (from Everett's Address.)—The Great Mastodon.—On the Metals known to the Aborigines of North America. Poetry.—The old Maid's Prayer to Diana.—Vanity of Earthly Joys; (from the Spanish.)—The Convict Ship.—Recipe for making a Tragedy.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

ATTRIBUTED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER.

Since thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,
That old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee;
For to bear it, must be my endeavor
From the grief of my friendships all drooping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found;
From the legacy-hunters, that near us abound;
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away,
By the pert ones, who know nothing wiser to say—
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her:
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt;
Diana, thy servant, deliver!

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humor unchecked, that most obstinate elf:
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—
From the vaporish freaks, hypocritical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares;
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs;
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of Spadille, or of Matador boles;
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever;
But chief, from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown;
Oh, Diana! thy servant deliver;

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,
From pettish asperity, tartly expressed;
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot;
Let her sing, if at ease; and be patient, if not;
Be pleased, if remembered; content, if forgot;
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dis sever!

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY JOYS.

FROM AN ANCIENT SPANISH POEM.

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Always so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier, let us hope to find
To-morrow, than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave:
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep, side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There, all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear!

Long e'er the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away;

Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTRALASIA."

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts o'er the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Fall to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds;
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh;
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?
'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like that vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wondering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A TRAGEDY.

Take a virgin from Asia, from Africa or Greece,
At least a king's daughter, or emperor's niece;
Take an elderly Miss for her kind confidant
Still ready with pity or terror to pant,
While she faints and revives like a sensitive-plant;
Take a hero, though buried some ten years or more,
But with enough left him to rattle and roar;
Take a horrid old brute, who deserves to be racked,
And call him a 'tyrant' ten times in each act;
Take a priest of cold blood, and a warrior of hot,
And let them alternately bluster and plot;
Then throw in of soldiers and slaves *quantum suffi*,
Let them march, and stand still, fight, and halloo enough.
Now stir altogether these separate parts,
And season them well with ohs! faintings, and starts;
Squeeze in, while they're stirring, a potent infusion
Of rage and of horror, of love and illusion:
With madness and murder complete the conclusion:
Let your princess, though dead by the murderer's dagger,
In a wanton, bold epilogue, ogle and swagger;
Prove her past scenes of virtue a vapor and smoke,
And the stage's morality merely a joke;
Let her tell with what follies our country is curst,
And wisely conclude that play-writing's the worst.
Then serve to the public, this olio complete;
And guff, in the papers, your delicate treat.

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.—The old practice in making
boards, was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconven-
ient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade
the world that the thing could be done in any better way.—
Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century;

but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a
saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a
particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion
to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England.—
The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663;
but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was
so violent, that the proprietor was forced to 'decamp' with
more expedition than ever did Dutchman before. The evil
was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather
generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber-merchant, hop-
ing that after so long a time, the public would be less watch-
ful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct
another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however,
were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected
and pulled the mill to pieces.

Coaches are said to have been first introduced into Eng-
land in 1580, by the Earl of Arundel, and by the commence-
ment of the next century, they had become common in Lon-
don. They were brought to Edinburgh in the suite of the
English ambassador, in 1598. Hackney coaches were first
introduced in London in 1625.

In the year 1763, the London coach set off from Edin-
burgh only once in the month, and was from twelve to six-
teen days on the road. The vehicle which accomplished
this adventurous achievement, was, at that time, the only
stage-coach in the northern capital, except two which ran
to the neighboring port of Leith. A journey to, or from
Edinburgh, was in those days, a doubtful and hazardous ex-
pedition—something like setting out in quest of the North-
West passage. It is said, that, in Scotland, when a person
determined upon attempting the achievement, he used, with
the laudable prudence of that country, to make his Will be-
fore setting out.

The change that has since taken place is immense. The
journey between London and Edinburgh is now performed
by the mail-coach, at all seasons and in all weather, in little
more than forty-three hours and a half.

THE TAX GATHERER.—When Mr Winter (one of those
lucky individuals on whom fortune never frowns) obtained the
assessorship of taxes, he happened to go into a coffee room
where the author of "Sayings and Doings," was amusing
the company with his wit. As Mr Winter approached him,
the wit addressed his friends with his impromptu:

Here comes our friend Winter, Assessor of Taxes,
He's a fortunate man, for he gets what he *axes*.
He's none of your folks for humbug and flummery,
For though Winter's his name, his proceedings are *Summary*.

A grandee of Spain handing some refreshments to a cir-
cle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, and
was rude enough to say, in her hearing, "I should prefer the
ring, to the hand." "And I," said the lady, looking stead-
fastly at the glittering order suspended from the Don's neck,
"I should prefer the collar to the *beast*."

A debtor being confined in jail, sent to his creditor to let
him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed
would be for their mutual benefit. The creditor called on
him to hear it. "I have been thinking," said the former,
"that it is a very bad thing for me to lie here, and put you
to the expense of one dollar and twenty-five cents per week.
My being so chargeable to you, has given me great uneasiness,
for God knows what it will cost you in the end. There-
fore, what I would propose is this. You shall let me out of
jail, and allow me one dollar per week, and let the twenty-
five cents go towards discharging the debt."

As a physical bad taste consists in being pleased only with
high seasoning and curious dishes, so a bad taste in the arts
is pleased only with studied ornament, and feels not the
pure beauty of Nature. The best taste in every species of
cultivation, is, to imitate Nature with the highest fidelity,
energy, and grace.—*Voltaire*.

All persons given to anger are apt to dwell on the provo-
cation that they have received, and utterly forget the provo-
cation they gave.

Ambition is the spur, and necessary spur of a great mind
to great action; when acting upon a weak mind, it impels it
to absurdity, or sours it with discontent.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the
comments of our friends upon them.

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